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Poems

By

Fanny Lawrence Carter





Poems

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Fanny Lawrence Carter

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By transfer
The White House.

A NEW DAY.

Another day of blessed work
And loving praise is dawning!
Another day to walk with God!
Another hopeful morning!
Another day for Wisdom's hand
To number ere it passeth;
Another day for Love's increase,
As treasure it amasseth.

The treasure that no foe can spoil,
Our treasure safe in Heaven,
Where our heart is—at Christ's right hand,
By whom all grace was given.
Another day to prove His grace,
For all our need sufficient,
For patience, courage, tender love,
Or service wise, efficient.

Another day! God working with us!
Then at its close—God waiting for us!

Gt. Barrington, Aug., 1914.

LIFE IS NOT COMMONPLACE.

Life is not commonplace,
For every day
We read new lineaments
In that dear Face.

Life is not commonplace,
For every day
We learn new lessons
Of His boundless grace.

Life is not commonplace,
For every day
He gives us work for Him,
Each in our space.

Life is not commonplace,
For every day
His perfect will for us
We hourly trace.

Life is not commonplace,
For every day
We gain some vict'ry
For the God of Grace.

Quogue, July, 1914.

“REJOICE! AGAIN REJOICE!”

I will truly rejoice, O my Master!
For the fruit of the Spirit is joy,
And the more we are filled with the Spirit,
The more will He evil destroy.

For 'tis evil to murmur at hardness—
What else can the soldier expect?
If the Captain endured them before him,
What ills can the private reject?

I will truly rejoice, O my Saviour!
For the joy of the Lord is our strength,
And 'tis strength that we need every moment,
And joy will be habit at length.

There is joy in a smile that gives courage,
There is joy in a word that brings power,
There is joy in a faith that is child-like,
There is "joy in the Lord" every hour.

I will truly rejoice, O my Saviour!
I will radiate joy for Thy sake,
That the sunshine may mellow the fruitage,
And my world of Thy joy may partake.

Montclair, Feb., 1915.

SUFFICIENT GRACE.

Oh the glory of Love that casteth out fear!
Oh the glory of Faith that brings certainty near!
Oh the glory of Courage that nothing can kill!
Oh the glory of Jesus, Whose presence can fill
My soul with Faith, Courage and Love!

VIRTUE.

It is not virtue
To be gifted of the Lord,
But that is virtue
Which can use those gifts
To glorify the Giver—not the man.

It is not virtue
To be terror-proof,
But that is virtue
Which can bring all fear
Under control of duty and of love.

It is not virtue
To be light of heart,
But that is virtue
Which can sunshine give
When clouds abound o'er spirit and o'er life.

It is not virtue
To be generous,
When we can gratify each passing wish;
But that is virtue
When self-sacrifice
Gives gladly that which industry has won.

It is not Christian virtue
When we work
Alone for those we love,
But that is Christian virtue
When we feel
And fill the need of friend and foe alike.

FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY.

CHORUS.

God of our fathers! Ruler of nations!
To Thee we pledge hearts and hands, true and bold,
Vowing to safeguard the Star-Spangled Banner!
Loving forever each star, stripe and fold!

One happy people, we hail from all nations,
From each receiving a trait, strong or fine;
Proud of all labor, all softness despising—
Under the flag all our powers we combine.

Foes ever confront us, but Hope fails us never;
Faithful we triumph by wisdom and nerve:
Reaping the rightful reward of our labor,
Under the Flag we will watch, work and serve.

True to our fathers, we'll fight for our standards—
Standards of justice and freedom for all;
Greed overcoming, our lineage proving,
Quick to respond to our forefathers' call!

Arms here we offer, strong for all labor;
Hands here we offer, quick, firm and clean;
Hearts full of courage and love for our neighbor;
Hearts true to God, ever near tho' unseen.

CHORUS.

“LIFT UP YOUR EYES!”

The Master's words ring clear across the years,
“Lift up your eyes! Behold the fields for they
Are to the harvest white.” Ah! Thou couldst see,
Dear Saviour, that which was from all men hidden,
When came the call and promise: blind and sealed
Seemed hearts of men and courage came to few—
To those great souls who saw with Thy clear eyes,
Who thought with Thy great thoughts, and loved with
Thee.

They went—one here, one there—the ages through,
Where'er men hopeless toiled, and women wept;
Where men, tho' speechless, longed for light and life,
And braved much hardship and performed much toil
To satisfy the spirit's unquenched thirst
For God!—some God!—for Light—some light to guide
Thro' mist and labyrinth—thro' life and death.
Arrived among Thy children, scattered wide,
What welcome met they?—heralds of the Cross?
Hatred, suspicion, persecution, loss!—
And yet they persevered, year after year,
Dauntless, unmoved and sure of the result,
With longer patience than the husbandman,
Because the Lord of the Diviner harvest
Upheld them and they could endure as seeing
Him they served! Oh! what has earth to offer

To rank with God's divinest gift to man?
This faith sublime to see with God's clear eyes!
To think with His great thoughts! To love like Him!

Gt. Barrington, Aug., 1914.

BARABBAS AT THE CRUCIFIXION.

There on that Cross I see the Man—my substitute!
And in myself I see the man preferred, and freed
From prison and from death, and given back to life!
What life? 'Twas our own nation—His and mine that
chose
To crucify the Nazarene—and for what crime?
Themselves have spoken: "He saved others!" and, "In
God
He trusted!" O great God of Hosts! what have I done?
Thou knowest every step of my bad life, until—
Maddened by hate and jealousy—I fanned the flame
Of passions like my own, and insurrection led
Against all law and order—yea! and raised my hand
With deadly blow against the bravest man I knew!
A Roman—yes, and a centurion, but one
Who loved our nation, building us a synagogue.
My God! I killed him! and his blood will be on me,
And on my guiltless children for my sake! O God!
Hast Thou not power to overcome that Fiend of Hell
Who tempted me and drew me on from bad to worse!
Hark! He on yonder Cross is speaking to the thief—
I knew him well in prison as we two lay bound
Together. No! 'Tis Achan speaking to the King—
For so has Pilate named Him: "Lord, remember me
When to Thy Kingdom Thou hast come!" And hark!
What saith the Nazarene? "Today, in Paradise,
Shalt thou be with Me!" What! Achan! the thief! my
pal!

O God of Jacob! would that I could hear such words!
How could they crucify that Man? Some say He was
The Son of God! and Pilate said he found in Him
No fault! God! What a world! The faultless crucified,
And I released—and yet, if Achan was received,
Is there no hope for me? I know He raised the dead—
This Nazarene, Whom Achan calleth “Lord” and “King.”
Hark! for again He speaks—He, Who was crucified for me!
“Father, into Thy hands I now commit my soul!”
O Nazarene! I bow myself before Thy Cross,
On which I should have hung, and humbly I implore
That Thou wilt save me! Save me, Lord, as Thou hast
saved
Achan, my friend, a sinner like myself, O Lord!
Help me to take again my life from Thee and serve—
Not self and Satan, but Thyself and God, and give
All that I have and am, to pay the debt I owe
To Him, Who here is crucified instead of me.

Montclair, Jan., 1915.

ADVENT.

The Advent season comes again,
The days are short, the nights are long;
My soul! prepare thy Saviour's way!
In thee let faith and love be strong.

The days are short, the nights are long;
Use all the powers thy God hath given;
Fill the short day with work that tells;
Feed hungry souls with Bread of Heaven.

The days are short, the nights are long;
Kindle in men the Light Divine,
The Light of Love, the Light of Life,
That they, too, may “arise and shine.”

The days are short, the nights are long;
His sheep are wandering far afield—
He gave His life—canst Thou not speak?
Wondrous the power of love revealed!

The days are short, the nights are long;
But shortest day may well suffice—
God working with us—to restore
A soul to Him Who paid its price.

The days are short, the nights are long;
But longest night made bright by Him,
Only reveals His power to fill
Our cup with joy up to the brim.

The days are short, the nights are long;
Most loving Bridegroom! still increase
By night and day my love that waits
To welcome Thee when Time shall cease.

Advent, 1914.

THE WHITSUN GIFT.

My Father, yesterday I visited
A worldly Church, where neither middle class
Nor poor can find a welcome and a home.
Today a letter comes, brim full of zeal
And faith in Christian Science giving facts
Within the writer's own experience
That cannot be gainsaid, nor seemingly
Explained, except as proving God's own seal
Of fruits—His blessing on the means employed.
And everywhere I find these sealing fruits,
And my poor mind is fain to ask the stand
That Christ would have me take in things of faith,
To give an answer clear to him who asks.

Then to my memory come the words of Christ :
" 'Tis not for you to *know*, but *power* I give.
To witness for Me thro' the Holy Ghost."
This, then, my mission—trusting Him who *knows*,
And *knowing* that "He doeth all things well,"
To visit widows and the fatherless,
Abide in Him, the meek of heart, and learn
To pray and strive for that for which He prayed :
"That all our children may be one in Us."

Whitsun-day, 1914.

WHITSUN-DAY.

Oh the joy of living! the joy of giving!
After we have received all from Him!
Oh the joy of knowing—the joy of showing
That all our "fresh springs" are in Him!
Oh the joy of loving, the joy of proving
Our "life more abundant" in Him!
Oh the joy of believing! the joy of receiving
The Spirit eternal from Him!

MY WILL.

My will is strong for me and mine :
My will is weak for Thee and Thine :
But if I loved Thee as I love my own,
I could do "all things!"—and for Thee alone!

OUR CAPTAIN.

Today the fight is on, and we must keep
Close to our Captain Who will all supply.
His eye gives courage, and His hand gives strength,
And then—tomorrow—cometh Victory!

So I will wait upon Thy will, O Captain!
And take from Thee my orders every day:
If Thou wilt give me courage, love, and patience
I still will follow where Thou show'st the way.

GROWING OLD.

Christ groweth ever dearer,
As the days go fleeting by;
He draweth ever nearer,
As our dear ones homeward fly.
Soon we shall see Him face to face,
And bless Him for His love and grace.
"Forever with the Lord!"
This is His daily word.

Quogue, July, 1914. Almost 65!

BY THE CROSS.

Keep me lowly, keep me loving,
Keep me at Thy side always:
From the glory of Thy vict'ry
Let me never, never stray.
Taking up Thy blessed mission,
Sent of God as Thou wast sent,—
Till my work, like Thine, is "finished,"
And the veil of Time is rent.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

The quiet Church breathes incense of the saints,
And holy peace of God, as one by one,
The worshipers in silence bend the knee,
And seem in very presence of their God
And of the dear ones now at home with Him.
He holds the hand of each, both living, both
With Him, sharing His love, His victory,
His grace; but His forgiveness they need not.
O wondrous life! when sin is past for aye!
When we no longer grieve Him, nor endure
Sin's dreadful consequence and wretched blight.
Lo! as we kneel, what voices fill our hearts?
Voices of loved ones gone before to Him:
And His dear Voice thrilling our inmost soul!
What are the precious words each gently breathes?
The husband trusted, leaned upon, who filled
Exclusively each fibre of the heart.
That son we gloried over! that sweet girl
Who shared our every thought and sympathy.
That friend with whom our every plan was made:
That leader who supplied our every need
Of counsel, warning, or initiative, —
Of everything we lacked in life's stern fight,
Of comfort, confidence and sympathy.
That father who was our ideal guide;
That mother representing heaven to us;
That wife with whom the light of life went out.
These voices are in wonderful accord;
One message breathes thro' all, for love is one;
One harp of many strings, Heaven's mystery
And Earth's. — With bated breath our spirits hear;
"My own! if you will learn to know His love
As we now know it—if you will but learn
How short and precious are the days or years
Before you join us; and how much they mean
To His all-yearning heart Who works with you:

If you would realize the awful plight
Of those who trust Him not, to save from sin;
Their heart of pride to change to heart of child;
Their love of earth to change to love of heaven:
If you could only know what Jesus means
To spirits born of God; how He can satisfy
The longings and desires insatiable
While veil of flesh and time still intervene:
Beloved! if you only knew His love,
And what He means to us, and will to you
If you will all resign to Him, and give
To Him the heart that still you give to us;
You shall have foretaste of the wondrous joy
That waits for you, when, loving Him Who died
And lived again, and led us both to Him,
And breathing in a love unknown to Earth,
We love and serve eternally with God.”
Breathless, enthralled, and full of heavenly peace,
The spirit of each silent worshiper
Is conscious of a Voice of heavenly power,
Saying: “Loved of My Father, I will love
And manifest Myself to thee, and thou
Shalt know the Lord, until the day arrive
When thou shalt join again thy sainted ones,
Who love thee better now than e’er they loved,
And only long to share their joy with thee!”

End.

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